A

New CROP of Blockheads:

OR, THE

Poetical Harveſt-Home.

A

COURT BALLAD.

But Manners in a Bard ſhould ſhine,
When ſerious, or in Sport,
Our Harveſt then let us begin
With Reaping of the C——.

From Pag. 3.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *J. Dormer* at the Printing-Office, the Green Door, in *Black and White* Court in the *Old Baily.*

(Price Six-Pence.)

M.DCC.XXXIII.

COOKE BYGGYD

A

POETICAL HISTORIE-HOUSE

OR THE

NEW CROP OF BIOGRAPHIES

A New Crop of BLOCKHEADS:

OR, THE

Poetical HARVEST-HOME, &c.

Tune, *To all ye Ladies now at Land.*

I.

I Am a Poet by my Trade,
My Talent lies in Satire,
My Harveſt is by Blunders made,
Which I bind up in Metre;
And, thanks to Heaven, there's now come up
Of Knaves and Fools a glorious Crop.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

II.

For where ſo 'ere I turn my Eyes,
Still thick I find them growing,
That where I them ſhall firſt *Exciſe*,
By *Jove* there is no knowing;
The ſpacious Plain ſo full appears
Of heavy Heads, and hanging Ears.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

III.

But Manners in a Bard ſhould ſhine,
When ſerious or in Sport,
Our Harveſt then let us begin
With Reaping of the C---.
Since we from thence muſt ſure obtain
The richeſt, and the nobleſt Grain.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

IV. Firſt

IV.

Firſt *J--y M---* behold,
Like any Drummer dreſt,
With Silver ſhining, and with Gold,
His R---n croſs his Breaſt;
To Sloven ſure a ſad Diſaſter,
To be of Fools and Fops *G---- M----*.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

V.

Two Grand Aſſemblies claim his----
Like Honour to them twain,
When 'ere he ſhews his rueful Face
In *H---*, or *Warwick-Lane*;
Alike for *D----* or *D-----* fit,
Since neither Trade requires much Wit.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

VI.

In Ribbons and in Silks attired,
See yonder Human Ape,
Who for his Folly is admired,
As Folks at Monſters gape;
How pleaſed he ſtruts and makes a Pother,
As lewd and ſhameleſs as his Mother.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

VII.

Of ſolemn Mien, in Talk preciſe,
See *Scotian Archy* prate,
In Form and Shew profoundly wiſe,
The Pack-Horſe of the State;
But, if his private Life be viewed,
You'll find him ſtingy, proud, and Lewd.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

VIII.

Next, Muſe, the chattering Knight ſurvey,
So formed for Speech and Song,
A *Norfolk* Booby keeps, they ſay,
And guides his nimble Tongue;
Well taught in Circles to engage,
Like Squirrel in his rouling Cage.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

IX. Of

IX.

Of *Tommy P*--- would I ſing,
But that I ſhould not blame
So harmleſs and ſo weak a Thing,
Or ſpoil his G----'s Fame;
Who purblind ſtruggles to diſerne,
And, if he could, 'tis ſaid, would learn.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

X.

O Satyr, courtly *H*--- ſpare,
So chequer'd in the Whole,
In Perſon ſo gentile and fair,
So impotent in Soul:
Who 'ere could dream that he ſhould be
For Libels fam'd, or Chivalry.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XI.

To *G---e* my Song ſhould now proceed,
And forth his Follies call,
But his Report was ſuch a Deed,
As fairly cancells all:
Like him may others, quitting Vice,
From Fops reform'd, to Patriots riſe.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XII.

Our Courſe from Court 'ere let us ſteer,
Perhaps you think too ſoon,
But ſhould we count each Blockhead there,
'Twould take from Morn 'till Noon:
Wont *B*----- and *Horace*, make you ſtay?
Reproof on them were thrown away.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XIII.

By Order if our Muſe were led,
We'd view the Clergy next,
Nor need we want of Matter dread
From ſuch a pregnant Text;
What numerous Pictures might be drawn,
From ſleveleſs Vic, to Sleeves of Lawn.
With a Fa, la, la. &c.

XIV.

But as Religion oft is hurt,
By touching Prieſtly Failing,
Our Wiſdom ſtops our Venom ſhort,
And cramps us in our Railing;
So leaving Black-Guards in the Lurch,
We'll ſerve them as they ſerve the Church.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XV.

Of Knaves and Fools ſhould I ſing on,
And not the *Lawyers* mention,
The World would think I did them Wrong,
Or that I had ta'ne a Penſion;
But let the World ſay what they will,
Of *Lawyers* I'll be ſilent ſtill.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XVI.

For why theſe *Lawyers* have a Trick
Of uſing us ſeverely,
Or, if the Author prove too quick,
His Printer pays for't dearly;
A Claſs therefore ſhall *Lawyers* be,
Of Knaves and Fools untouch'd by me.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XVII.

Thus having ſhewn a prudent Care,
That we no Tarter hit,
We'll mend our Pace, get thro' the Bar,
And Satyrize the Cit;
The only Kind of Horned Brute,
With whom one may unhurt diſpute.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XVIII.

See *Ber---d* firſt, with Look ſerene,
Applauded by the Throng,
His Fame's above the Reach of Spleen,
Him elſe had reach'd my Song;
To purpoſe had I him abus'd,
Sir *B---* had all the reſt excus'd.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XIX. To

XIX.

To *E--l*'s what Muſe was ever rude,
The *W*----of the City;
Him oft haranguing have we view'd,
In Phraſe moſt quaint and witty;
Yet vain, alas, his well-tun'd Words,
To Comm--s H----, or H---- of L----s.
With a Fa, la, la. &c.

XX.

How happy *N--p* from the Applauſe
Of Dray-men and of Carter?
Eſteem'd the Champion of a Cauſe,
To which thou't prove no Starter;
Had'ſt thou been wiſe, that been thy Prayer,
Defend me Heaven from being Mayor.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XXI.

Of Companies we had Intent
A Word or too to ſay,
But Caution doth the Muſe prevent,
And ſtops her riſing Lay;
For Publick Credit is a Thing,
Which, ſhould we touch, it might us ſting.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XXII.

Of Mayors, of Sheriffs, and of Cits,
No longer we'll reherſe,
But turn to Brother Bards and Wits,
The Current of our Verſe;
Explore the Whims *Rich* has been playing,
Or ſing the Wars of *Drury-Lane.*
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

XXIII.

But here we find ourſelves foreſtall'd,
By *P----p*'s Comic Rage,
For all that theſe in Erneſt bawl'd,
Thoſe mimic'd on the Stage;
Yet ſure, till now, 't could ne're be ſaid,
That Players, Parts of Players play'd.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

From

XXIV.

From *London* Town ſhould we ſet-out,
Both Knaves and Fools to ſhun,
'Tis odds, that midſt the revel Rout
We on them both ſhould run:
Nay, if to Foreign Gaunts inclin'd,
We Knaves and Fools abroad may find.
With a Fa, la. la, &c.

XXV.

Here then let me conclude my Song,
Nor add another Page,
You'll own I've rak'd a handſome Throng,
Heaven bleſs the fruitful Age,
Which, without forceing us to roam,
Hath furniſh'd ſuch a Harveſt-Home.
With a Fa, la, la, &c.

FINIS.

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